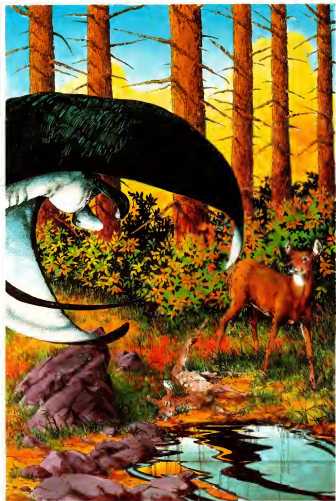


the PUMA BLUES

number one



ONE
INTERNATIONAL

200
JANUARY
179

* BLUE NOTES *

It's March in New England as I write this, a sort of sophomore kind of a month up here. (Cabin fever is rampant. Hopes (of Spring weather?) and Gossip (will the ice never melt?) are out of my mind. And this issue of the Puma Blues is already in the air.)

The bulk of the story has been written, proofread, and asked, the cover is 500s finished, the lettering is scheduled for next week, and a (seemingly) endless stream of details and fine-tuning is underway. And I am thinking about words.

Words. Powerful stuff. For instance: Do you remember when you were small, say Sam or so, and you could miraculously disappear in a watermelon of knowledge? The grown-ups were talking. You know. "Go out and play" or "Be quiet and sit down, we're talking." "O.K., so you don't. But every now and then one of those words or phrases comes floating down. The President says on my "boat" or "the bear" or "they're laying off at the Plant." Or a thousand others that made your swift and flicker attention spin like the blades.

Those words I mean, even the most rebellious of us would have a reasonably hard time walking up to Rambo and saying something like: Hey Ram, what's happen'g? Most likely you'd speak out of a dry throat. "Good morning Mr. President."

Words. Powerful stuff. Be glad you have them (but use them well).

When I take go-back again, to the first time you saw a picture book on a coffee table, or in the school library, or in your dad's top drawer. Remember?

There it was. Art. Oh no, there's one of them words again. Your heart stopped for an instant and your eyes lost all peripheral vision. Like the privetial death to its name, you still look somewhere? Art was. Thinking back I bet you smile to yourself in your mind, more worldly, adult time snap was.

But I'll lay odds that you still feel it even now, should you chance across that picture. You see, your brain is a fine machine. With the snap it's a snap you can't feel just like Pope John's II looking up at the Statue of Christening for the first time, and witnessing the creation of man. Picture, doing stuff.

Now, to the point. If you are reading this I hazard a guess that you have a fine "funny books" tucked away somewhere. Under the bed? In a closet? Maybe right out in the open? Maybe you have quite a lot of them and maybe I like me, you fall in love with the little devil as a child and you still hold on.

Do you remember? The smell of a new comic? All the colors? All the words so newly grasped?

I LOVE FUNNY BOOKS.

And that's the rub. I'm a grown-up now. A not-was-as-ke-keen-as-p. The Saturday often gets me where I live (and goes another synopsis). But in the immortal words of Iggy Pop:

== NEED MORE

More words. More pictures. More funny books. And you see that's why I'm doing this.

The first set of those sick numbers by you know who. You know the ones to the left and right of Puma on the shelf at the comic shop. The book at the end result of slot of slot, love, sweat and tears with an endless commitment to grow and improve, and if that means anything to you - if the joy of words and pictures still invades the time machine that you see, if you're like Steve and me, still helping on. Please also with us. It gets better and better.

Thanks

Michael Zulu

11 March 1986 (somewhere in a dirty snowbank)

P.S. Special thanks

To Dave for believing all the time. To God for the spark.

I personally dedicate this first issue to the memory of John Lennon.

DEDICATION

THE PUMA BLUES is dedicated to my father, Joseph, great-uncle, George, and good friend, James Crocker. All of whom have left me the desire for a casual affinity, each of whom I think of often.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Foremost I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for the continued love and support of Stephanie J. Tiao and my mother Mary. I honestly don't know how either of you put up with me sometimes. To my family, friends, and Wessels, much gratitude for being what you are. My thanks also to John Hayman, composer and teacher for his initial words of encouragement and the persistence of vision which I left me. To the two Peters, To Sam, Jay, though posthumously. To Michael, Ramona, my partner, friend for making this real. And to Dave, Sam, singular appreciation for opening the window, you.

ET CETERA

What this is. Readers are invited to engage in whatever pertinent discussion they feel appropriate. So let us assume conversation.

Steve

1 April 1986

address all letters to;

BLUE NOTES

P.O. BOX NO. 159

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FROM THE PERSONAL JOURNAL OF
GAVIN MIMER.

BOSTON, 23 FEBRUARY 1999
(ONE MONTH THREE YEARS AGO).

TWENTY ONE YEARS OF AGE AND I HAD THE
THE LEAST INSIGHT INTO WHAT THE FUCK
I WANTED TO DO WITH MY LIFE.

MY THERAPIST (ACTUALLY, MY MOM'S
THERAPIST) HAD RECENTLY, UNSOLICIT-
EDLY INFORMED ME THAT MY WORLD (THE
16, THE REALITY I CHOSE TO ACCEPT)
WAS "AN UNPAINTED CANVAS," THAT
IT WAS "FLAT," FEATURELESS, DEVOID
OF HOOKS OR LONG, EMOTIONS OR
MEANINGS, THAT MY PROSPECTED
IMAGE WAS A "SLICK, DOLL FACADE
LIKE I WAS A FACTIONLESS DICE -

"AND WE HAD ONLY MET AN
HOUR BEFORE."

FURTHERMORE, HE SAID THAT I WASN'T
ALLOWING MYSELF AN OPPORTUNITY TO REACT
TO ANYTHING. HE LABELED ME "AN
EMOTIVE THUG," CONFUSED TO ME HOW DID IT
WAS TO MEET A YOUNG PERSON WHO DENIES
HIMSELF ONE OF THOSE PRODIGIOUS
ATTRIBUTES THAT ARE SO OBVIOUSLY HUNGRY
PROCEEDED TO TAKE SEVERAL EUPHATIC
SUCKS OFF OF HIS STINKING PIPE AND,
EXHALED, FELL SILENT.

SQUABBLING IN AND OUT OF CHARACTER,
I REACTED - I WALKED.

FEBRUARY 23, 1999 MARKED THE FIRST
YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF MY FATHER'S DEATH
AND I DIDN'T KNOW HOW THE FUCK TO
DEAL WITH IT, NOT EVEN IF I COULD.

I BARELY KNEW MY DAD.

I WANTED IDEAS WHEN TO
KNOW MY DAD.

SO I DRIFTED AROUND SOME...



... AND EVENTUALLY WALKED DOWN
SOME STAIRS, TOWARDS A FAINTLY
GLOWING SOURCE OF LIGHT.

THE BAGS REARED AND BOWERED



IT WAS AN OLD MAN, A
VICTIM FROM THE DRINK...

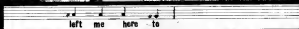
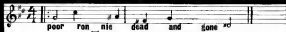


AND SUDDENLY I WAS REACTING
AGAIN. - THE OLD GUY BECAME
THE FOCAL POINT OF MY ABANDONED
EMOTIONS, MY ANXIETY
CHANNELLED RELEASE - THE
NOROSOMA OF MY ILL.



I PERSUADED HIM
TO SING ME A SONG.







with a

red dress on

poor ren nie dead and gone

IN THE
**PUMA
BLUES**

JOHN - MURPHY
- DICKSON - FALL

CHAPTER

1

PERSONAL JOURNAL CONTINUED

MY FIRST "HILL" WAS AN ELBANT, FLYING MANTA. I KNOW THAT I SHOULDN'T THINK OF IT AS SUCH BUT MY FIRST "DISPLACEMENT" THOUGH TECHNICALLY CORRECT, DIDN'T REALLY COME AS EASILY.

A WORLD OF ADVENTURE AWAITS "DISPLACEMENT" (BUT THEN WHAT WORD ISN'T?)

MEANING "S" IN THE CONCISE COLUMBIA DICTIONARY (THE HIGH-WORD "END OF THE CRAFT" EDITION) DEFINES DISPLACEMENT AS IT APPLIES HERE - "TO CONVEY AN OBJECT FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER BY MEANS OF TRANSDUCING (AND) THAT OBJECT INTO A SUBSTITUTION ENERGY FORM." TRANSDUCTION IS THE PROCESS OF CONVERTING INPUT ENERGY OF ONE FORM INTO OUTPUT ENERGY OF ANOTHER. TECHNOLOGY YOUNG ANDERSON AND ANDERSON PUBLICALLY DEFIED THE BOOKWORMS AND SHAMANT CURSERS.



BRUCE



FRAC:TURE: NO.1







TAKATAKATAKATAKATA



KATAKATAKA..... CLIK





I WONDER HOW MANY DEALERS
MARKET SUCH A NOTION?
BUT THEN, HOW MANY DEALERS
BRING THEIR CLIENTS TO
INSPECT HOMES AT NIGHT?

AS YOU CAN SEE,
THESE SEVERAL THOUSAND
SAYINGS OF WESTERN
EXPLORE ARE DOMINATED
BY THE SKELETON, ANGLED
DRUM, SWORDS AND SWORDS
DIRECT.

THESE THREE
LIMBS STAYS FROM ABOUT
BETTER BUILT, FROM ABOUT
THE ANTIQUE HOMES OF THE
MIDDLE AGES, THERE
AND, SAVING HUMAN
FROM THE

YES
I'D LIKE SEE
REMARKS FOR THE
SOUNDING SOUNDS
SOUNDING SOUNDS
THESE THREE
HOMES ARE FILLING
THE NIGHT

TO HAVE SEVERAL HOMES OF
UNUSUAL SIZE, A HOUSE THE FIRST
AND, PLANT OF SEVERAL I KNOW OF,
AND CERTAINLY NOT THE LAST, TO
BEHOLDING A FORTUNATE LOOKING FOR HOME
AND, SAVING HUMAN

EVER SINCE MY REBELLIOUS CHILDHOOD (A SICKLY, REACTIONARY AND RETENTIVE CAPABLE OF MYTHOLOGY, HIS AM-NAA BUT NOT HIS CONSTANT ANTAGONISM, I'VE PARTICULARLY DESIGNED THE BLACK & WHITE WORLD MYOUP.

"I'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT WHY" - ONLY THAT THIS COULD BE WHY - THAT IS NOT KNOWING WHY (WHY IT WAS, WHY I WAS, ETC.).

WHY DID I EVER BRUSH OFF MY PARENTS' OFFER TO ENROLL ME IN NASA'S YOUNG ASTRONAUTS' PROGRAM? SWIFT ON THE FOOLISH SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF THE IMMATURE YOUTH, CHOOSING INSTEAD A BIDDING LOVING FOR THE PUNTS OF PREMATURING GIRLS, THE DREAM OF OPEN SPACES, INDEED, YET, I GUESS I'VE GOT A SECOND CHANCE! I'M IN THE SERVICE, I COULD TRAIN FOR THE MILITARY BRANCH OF FIRE SHUTTLE SERVICE, I COULD, YES BUT I HAVEN'T A FIELD OF EXPERTISE, SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

TONIGHT IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT MANKIND COULD HAVE EVOLVED AS A NOCTURNAL SPECIES AND, IF SO, WOULD THE NIGHT SKY (VISIBLE SPACE) HAVE HAD A DIFFERENT EFFECT UPON OUR WAY OF THINKING? WOULD HAVING SPENT OUR WAKING HOURS UNDER THE DEEP, ABSENT SKY OF NIGHT GIVEN OUR EXISTENCE A BORDER-LESS FEEL, AS OPPOSED TO MAN'S PREVAILING CHARACTERISTIC OF NEIGHBOR-IN EGGCENTRICITY (POSSIBLY PROMPTED BY LIVING UNDER THE BOLDER-FLOODING BLUE SKY OF DAY)?

I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE WE WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT DIFFERENT. BETTER WORDS? YOUR NAME, VO. MR. NODDY?

TONIGHT IT ALSO OCCURRED TO ME THAT THE FOREST'S MANY PRECIPITOUS STICK UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.

TICK·TICK·TICK·TICK·TICK·TICK·TICK·TICK

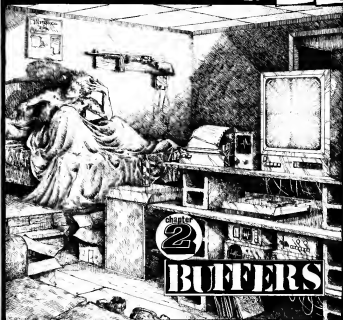


DR. TIGER TIGER + EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



EE







GOOD MORNING. DEWEY. TODAY IS FRIDAY. THE 18TH OF MARCH. THE NEW GOOD. FIVE GOOD MORNING.

WILE ALAN'S WISH TO EXTEND MY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW POSITION. GAVE. AND TO INFORM YOU THAT IT WAS THE ADVANCE BOARD WHO AWARD THE VALLEY "GARDEN" BEING A BEST OF THE WINDS.

"I JUST THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

REMARKS IS A RE-ARRANGE SCHEDULE FOR THE DAY. COURTESY EIGHTHENTH KICKER. TAKE A GOODBYE.



GOOD MORNING. DEWEY. OHAY.



THE U.S. FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE WILL CONDUCT THE REGULAR LIMPING OF THE RESERVOIR AND ADJACENT STRAINS COMMENSAL ARRIVAL. IF GOOD MORNING FIVE MORNING.

I HAVE BEEN ADVISED TO ADVISE YOU TO REMAIN OUTDOOR FORNIGHT SO AS TO ALLOW SUFFICIENT SETTLEMENT OF THE ALKALINE.



BE PREPARED TO TAKE A SERIES OF 14 LEVEL READINGS AT 0500 FORTYFIVE.

UTILIZE THE HYPERTECH UNIT, DUM ALONG ALL PERTINENT MATERIALS, INCLUDING YOUR SPECIFIC UNIT.



A HARD COPY OF THE SPECS WILL FOLLOW THIS MESSAGE.











THE NEW YORK TIMES TELETYPE REPORT, 24 MARCH 2000
NEWS SUMMARY

CELESTIAL

CONTACT LOST WITH SOVIET LUNAR BASE
MOSCOW — Communications transmissions between the Soviet Union and its lunar base Brezhnev One were interrupted during a six-hour period late last night, the Tass News Agency reported today. The unknown cause was believed to have originated at the base but is still under investigation. Astronomers throughout Europe cited unusually heavy, sporadic radio emissions from the area approaching the West Pacific solar system throughout last month. The Pictorial system is a common source of such emissions.

PASSENGER SHUTTLE SERVICE BEGINS
KOROLU, FRANCE (UPI) — Russia and space entrepreneur Robert Mergat and Robert Guisot, with the help of billions in investment dollars, a few hundred human and robot technicians, several cases of champagne and with a half dozen sailing dignitaries and their escorts as passengers — initiated the world's first privately owned and operated space shuttle passenger service with yesterday's launching of the Peacock New. Everything was reported to be rolling smoothly as the ship attained its orbit 225 miles above the Earth's surface.

U.S. SPACE STATION BACK ON SCHEDULE
HOUSTON — In a statement to be released later today NASA officials announced that the ship's completion date of the United States Space Station, the world's first, will indeed be met.

INTERNATIONAL

DEAD NAPALM (BAN
NAPALM, BANGLA — A huge explosion rocked Baghdad yesterday as Iran reported launching a missile strike on the Iraqi capital. In Baghdad, a military spokesman said Iraqi planes bombed an Iranian village in retaliation.





U.N. POPULATION CONTROL
NEW YORK—Closed hearings are to begin at the United Nations tomorrow over the possibility of Third World population control through the supplementation of fertility control drugs, food and water supplies of problem nations. The hearing is expected to be heavily protested by members of the Catholic Church's Political Wing and other organizations opposed to contraception.

NATIONAL

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM SET
LOS ANGELES—Brokers of the Democratic National Convention are to announce the specifics of its party's platform in a nationally televised assembly March 28. The platform details what is collectively known as 'a new public philosophy of global adjustment, and is said to be fully endorsed by the Democratic presidential and vice-presidential candidates. Senators Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts and Warren Beatty of California. The Democrats have not placed a winning executive team since the 1968 election.

TOUR PERSONATING-FACE
CAMBRIDGE—Residents of this academic, socially progressive Massachusetts town voted last evening in favor of becoming a preservative-free zone. The town is currently a hot-zone for toxic waste transportation and dumping, nuclear power, nuclear weapons, genetic research and engineering, Strategic Defense Initiative research, and red meat.

METROPOLITAN

UNVEILING OF BRONX PLANS
CITY HALL—Mayor Dorey will preside over ceremonies June 21 unveiling developers' plans for the Bronx Holocaust site. Sponsors from each development firm will present photographic displays of their respective projects. The mayor will dedicate a Memorial sculpture by artist Sue Lee.

BUSINESS

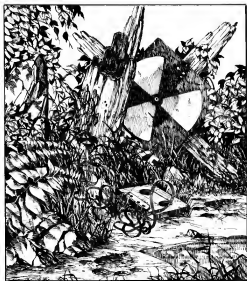
UNEMPLOYMENT AT 9.25
WASHINGTON—Unemployment rose to 9.25 nationwide last month, up from the previous month's level of 9.05. Analysts attribute continued layoffs in the service sector and the steady increase in factory automation as the two leading causes of the rise.

OUTCASTS OF THE CITY
 We're just two Morisco Alger who've incorporated skywalking into our lifestyles." (Robert Jackson, speaking of himself and partner during lift-off of the Redoubt.)

TRUCKLE SPOTS
Boston—After



• NEXT: SHADOWS ON THE WALL •



NOTES ON THE ENVIROMENT...

THE PUMA

"Cougar" "Mountain Lion" "Catamount"
(*Felis concolor*)

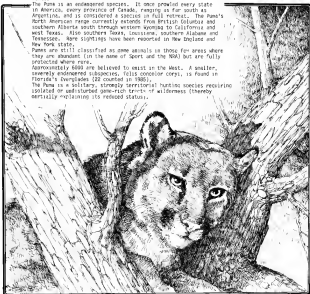
An Endangered Species is one whose existence is threatened with imminent extinction through all or a significant portion of its range.

The Puma is an endangered species. It once prowled every state in America, every province of Canada, ranging as far south as Argentina, and is considered a species in full retreat. The Puma's North American range currently extends from British Columbia and southern Alberta south through western Wyoming to California and west Texas. Also southern Texas, Louisiana, southern Alabama and Tennessee. Rare sightings have been reported in New England and New York state.

Pumas are still classified as game animals in those few areas where they are abundant (in the name of Sport and the NRA) but are fully protected where rare.

Approximately 6000 are believed to exist in the West. A smaller, severely endangered subspecies, *Felis concolor coryi*, is found in Florida's Everglades (22 counted in 1985).

The Puma is a solitary, strongly territorial hunting species requiring isolated or undisturbed game-rich tracts of wilderness (thereby partially explaining its reduced status).



"... We must do our utmost to maintain the diversity of the earth's animals and plants. It is not just that we depend on many of them for our food - though that is the case. It is not just that we still know so little about them or the practical value they might have for us in the future - though that, too, is so. It is, surely, that we have no moral right to exterminate for ever the creatures with which we share this earth."

David Attenborough

